

## LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK, CROSS, FEVERISH

HURRY, MOTHER! REMOVE POISONS FROM LITTLE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS.

GIVE CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS AT ONCE IF BILIOUS OR CONSTIPATED.



Look at the tongue, mother! It coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomachache, sore throat, diarrhea, full of colic, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without gripping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative;" they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.—Adv.

**Accounting for Cheerfulness.**  
"So you were cased while you were over in France?" said the family doctor to the man home from the front.

"Yes, I was," replied the man who had seen service.  
"In the hospital, I suppose?"  
"Sure thing. And say, doctor, I never saw such a cheerful, happy doctor as the one who attended me."

"I can account for that. He knew he wouldn't have to try and collect any bills from you."

**Boothe Itching Skins.**  
With Cuticura. Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry and apply the Ointment. This usually affords relief and points to speedy healing. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. K, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

**True, but Discourteous.**  
"There were two actresses in an early play of mine," said an author, "both very beautiful; but the leading actress was thin. She quarreled one day at rehearsal with the other lady, and she ended the quarrel by saying laughingly, 'Remember, please, that I am the star.'"

"Yes, I know you're the star," the other retorted, eyeing with an amused smile the leading actress' long, slim figure, "but you'd look better, my dear, if you were a little meatier!"

**Important to Mothers.**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcherson* in use for over 30 years. Children Cry for Fletcherson's Castoria.

**Strategy.**  
Joseph's school is collecting tin foil for the Red Cross. Joseph has been one of the most zealous collectors, but as the supply of tin foil grew less and less his collections have decreased. With the beginning of the influenza epidemic his collections increased. As they continued to increase his teacher began to wonder. Finally she asked him how he got so much more than any of the other children.

"Why, that's a secret," he told her. "But I'll tell you. The kids are all afraid of 'flu' germs and I told them that the foil was full of germs and now they won't pick it up any more. So I just get all of it.—Indianapolis News."

**No Worms in a Healthy Child.**  
All children (except those who have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is some form of stomach disturbance.) SHOULD TAKE LITTLE TARTAR EMERALD every morning for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a general strengthening tonic to the whole system. Mothers will then know of or detect the germs, and the child will be in perfect health. It's time to take. 50¢ per bottle.

**Billy's Explanation.**  
"Billy requested his family to call him William and a little later in answering the telephone he was heard to say: 'No, this is Billy talking.' When he re-entered the room his aunt said: 'Why is it you want us to call you William, and yet you called yourself Billy, over the phone?' After a painful pause his face brightened and he said, 'Don't you know there's a reason for every why?'

**Another Mrs. Stenderby.**  
A sympathetic old lady of seeing a little girl by remarked: "The poor lad; he must be cold with nothing on his hands but those mittens."—London Transcript.

# Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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## CAROLYN CANNOT FACE PROSPECT OF LOSING HER ONLY FRIEND AND COMPANION.

**Synopsis.**—Her father and mother reported lost at sea when the Dunraven, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk. Carolyn May Cameron—Hannah's Carolyn—is sent from New York to her bachelor uncle, Joseph Stagg, at the Corners. The reception given her by her uncle is not very enthusiastic. Carolyn is also chilled by the stern demeanor of Aunt Rose, Uncle Joe's housekeeper. Stagg is dismayed when he learns from a lawyer friend of his brother-in-law that Carolyn has been left practically penniless and consigned to his care as guardian. Carolyn learns of the estrangement between her uncle and his one-time sweetheart, Amanda Farlow, and the cause of the bitterness between the two families.

### CHAPTER V—Continued.

The mole in question lived under a piece of rock wall near the garden fence.

When Uncle Joe came home to dinner on one particular Saturday he walked down to the corner of the garden fence, and there saw the mole Prince had wrought. In following the line of the mole's last tunnel he had worked his way under the picket fence and had torn up two currant bushes and done some damage in the strawberry patch.

"And the worst of it is," grumbled the hardware dealer, "he never caught the mole. That mongrel really isn't worth a bag of dornicks to sink him in the brook. But that's what he's going to get this very evening when I come home. I won't stand for him a day longer."

Carolyn May positively turned pale as she crouched beside the mole chained-up Prince, both arms about his rough neck. He licked her cheek. Fortunately, he could not understand everything that was said to him, therefore the pronouncement of this terrible sentence did not agitate him an atom.

Carolyn May sat for a long time under the tree beside the sleeping dog and thought how different this life at The Corners was from that she had lived with her father and mother in the city home.

If only that big ship, the Dunraven, had not sailed away with her papa and her mamma!

Carolyn May had been very brave on that occasion. She had gone ashore with Mrs. Price and Edna after her mother's last clinging embrace and her father's husky "Good-by, daughter," with scarcely a tear.

Of course she had been brave! Mamma would return in a few weeks, and then, after a time, papa would likewise come back—and oh! so rosy and stout!

And then, in two weeks, came the fatal news of the sinking of the Dunraven and the loss of all but a small part of her crew and passengers.

Vaguely these facts had become known to Carolyn May. She never spoke of them. They did not seem real to the little girl.

But now, sitting beside the condemned Prince—her companion and



The Little Girl Felt Bitterly Her Loneliness and Grief.

only real comforter during these weeks of her orphanhood—the little girl felt bitterly her loneliness and grief.

If Uncle Joe did as he had threatened, what should she do? There seemed to be no place for her and Prince to run away to.

"I'm quite sure I don't want to live," thought Carolyn May dimly. "If papa and mamma and Prince are all dead—why! there aren't enough other folks left in the world to make it worth while living in. I don't believe. If Prince isn't going to be alive, then I don't want to be alive, either."

By and by Prince began to get very uneasy. It was long past his dinner hour, and every time he heard the screen door slam he jumped up and gazed eagerly with cocked ears and wagging tail in that direction.

"You poor thing, you," said Carolyn

May at last. "I s'pose you are hungry. It isn't going to do you a bit of good to eat; but you don't know it. I'll ask Aunt Rose if she has something for you."

She got up wearily and went across the yard. Aunt Rose stood just inside the screen door.

"Don't you want any dinner, Carolyn May?" she asked.

"No, ma'am. I guess I'd better not eat," said the child.

"Why not?"

"Cause my stomach's so trembly. I just know I couldn't keep anything down, even if I could swallow it. But Prince'll eat his, please. He—he don't know any better."

"Tut, tut!" murmured the woman. "He's the most sensible of the two of you, I declare."

The minutes of that afternoon dragged by in most doleful procession. There was no idea in the little girl's mind that Uncle Joe might change his intention and Prince be saved from the watery grave promised him. When she saw the hardware dealer come into the yard almost an hour earlier than their usual supper time she was not surprised. Nor did she think of pleading with him for the dog's life.

The little girl watched him askance. Mr. Stagg came directly through the yard, stopping only at the shed for a moment. There he secured a strong potato sack and with it trailing from his hand went half-way up the knoll to where there was a heap of stones. He stooped down and began to select some of these, putting them in the bag.

This was too much for Carolyn May. With a fearful look at Uncle Joe's uncompromising shoulders, she went to the tree where Prince was chained. Exchanging the chain for the leather leash with which she always led him about, the little girl guided the mongrel across the yard and around the corner of the house.

Her last backward glance assured her that the hardware dealer had not observed her. Quickly and silently she led Prince to the front gate, and they went out together into the dusty road.

"I—I know we oughtn't to," whispered Carolyn May to her canine friend, "but I feel I've just got to save you, Prince. I—I can't see you drowned dead like that!"

She turned the nearest corner and went up the road towards the little closed, gable-roofed cottage where Aunt Rose had lived before she had come to be Uncle Joe's housekeeper.

Carolyn May had already peered over into the small yard of the cottage and had seen that Mrs. Kennedy still kept the flower-beds weeded and the walks neat and the grass plot trimmed. But the window shutters were barred and the front door built up with boards.

Carolyn May went in through the front gate and sat down on the doorstep, while Prince dropped to a comfortable attitude beside her. The dog slept. The little girl ruminated.

She would not go back to Uncle Joe's—no, indeed! She did not know just what she would do when dark should come, but Prince should not be sacrificed to her uncle's wrath.

A voice, low, sweet, yet startling, aroused her.

"What are you doing there, little girl?"

Both runaways started, but neither of them was disturbed by the appearance of her who had accosted Carolyn May.

"Oh, Miss Mandy!" breathed the little girl, and thought that the carpenter's daughter had never looked so pretty.

"What are you doing there?" repeated Miss Farlow.

"We—we've run away," said Carolyn May at last. She could be nothing but frank; it was her nature.

"Run away!" repeated the pretty woman. "You don't mean that?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have. And Prince. From Uncle Joe and Aunt Rose." Carolyn May assured her, nodding her head with each declaration.

"Oh, my dear, what for?" asked Miss Amanda.

So Carolyn May told her—and with tears.

Meanwhile the woman came into the yard and sat beside the child on the step. With her arm about the little girl, Miss Amanda snuggled her up close, wiping the tears away with her own handkerchief.

"I just can't have poor Prince

drowned-ed," Carolyn May sobbed. "I'd want to be drowned-ed myself, too."

"I know, dear. But do you really believe your Uncle Joseph would do such a thing? Would he drown your dog?"

"I—I saw him putting the stones in the bag," sobbed Carolyn May. "And he said he would."

"But he said it when he was angry, dear. We often say things when we are angry—more's the pity—which we do not mean, and for which we are bitterly sorry afterwards. I am sure, Carolyn May, that your Uncle Joe has no intention of drowning your dog."

"Oh, Miss Amanda! Are you positive?"

"Positive! I know Joseph Stagg. He was never yet cruel to any dumb creature. Go ask him yourself, Carolyn May. Whatever else he may be, he is not a hater of helpless and dumb animals."

"Miss Amanda," cried Carolyn May, with clasped hands, "you—you are just lifting an awful big lump off my heart! I'll run and ask him right away."

She raced with the barking Prince back to the Stagg premises. Mr. Stagg



With Her Arms About the Little Girl, Miss Amanda Snuggled Her Up Close.

had just finished filling in with the stones the trench Prince had dug under the garden fence.

"There," he grunted. "That dratted dog won't dig this hole any bigger, I reckon. What's the matter with you, Carolyn?"

"Are—are you going to drown'd Prince, Uncle Joe? If—if you do, it just seems to me, I—I shall die!"

He looked up at her searchingly.

"Humph! is that mongrel so all-important to your happiness that you want to die if he does?" demanded the man.

"Yes, Uncle Joe."

"Humph!" ejaculated the hardware dealer again. "I believe you think more of that dog than you do of me."

"Yes, Uncle Joe."

The frank answer hit Mr. Stagg harder than he would have cared to acknowledge.

"Why?" he queried.

"Because Prince never said a word to hurt me in his life!" said Carolyn May, sobbing.

The man was silenced. He felt in his inmost heart that he had been judged.

### CHAPTER VI.

**Prince Awakens The Corners.**  
Camp-meeting time was over, and the church at The Corners was to open for its regular Sunday services.

"Both Satan and the parson have had a vacation," said Mr. Stagg, "and now they can tackle each other again and see which'll get the struggle hold 'twixt now and revival time."

"You should not say such things, especially before the child, Joseph Stagg," admonished Aunt Rose.

Carolyn May, however, seemed not to have heard Uncle Joe's pessimistic remark; she was too greatly excited by the prospect of Sunday school. And the very next week-day school would begin!

By this first week in September the little girl was quite settled in her new home at The Corners. Prince was still a doubtful addition to the family, both Uncle Joe and Aunt Rose plainly having misgivings about him. But in regard to the little girl herself, the hardware merchant and the housekeeper were of one opinion, even though they did not admit it to each other.

Prince proves himself a real canine hero and makes himself "solid" with all the people at the Corners. His exploit is described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An order for 240,000 pairs of knee-length rubber boots for the French army has been placed with American manufacturers.

## Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

### A VOICE FROM CZECHO-SLOVAK REPUBLIC.

The president of the Czecho-Slovak republic, Prof. T. G. Masaryk, formerly of the University of Prague, in a lecture on "Educated Circles Must Destroy Alcohol Superstition," shows the responsibility of the individual for his neighbor.

"Progressive ethics demand of the modern man a higher state of mind; alcoholism degrades the whole man; it is hostile to progress, retrogressive."

"The modern ethic holds love of neighbor to be the root of all moral duties. Love of neighbor means labor for one's neighbor. Do not ask of the modern man sentimental philanthropy but the consciousness of responsibility for the alleviation of physical and intellectual need. But alcoholism weakens sympathy for fellow-men, weakens the will to work, weakens belief and confidence in man's worth. For an active love of one's neighbor and labor for him, a clean heart and clear head are also necessary."

"Love of and work for one's neighbor require, in the case under discussion, the example of abstinence. Example against example! Through the example of drinking are most drinkers seduced to drinking. No man has a natural craving for alcohol poison. Especially should the educated give the example in the present stage of our scientific knowledge about alcohol. A physician, teacher, or educator who tolerates drinking commits a crime. It is incumbent on the educated and leading circles to destroy the alcohol superstition theoretically by enlightenment of the people, and practically by abstinence."

### THE WINE DELUSION.

Dr. William Brady, in the Chicago News, recently exploded the old superstition that wine is a strength building tonic. He says:

"For a long time there has been a suspicion growing among thoughtful physicians that alcohol does not deserve the reputation and medical favors given it in medicine. First it was proved beyond question that alcohol was not a food. Then it was settled that alcohol does not stimulate the heart or the brain. It was found that alcohol does not help digestion, but rather inhibits or delays digestion."

"But alcohol, as wide or as some alleged tonic, taken in dessert spoonful or tablespoonful or larger doses, does flush the invalid's face for a time, does make the invalid feel warm, does lower the body temperature slightly by excessive heat radiation from relaxed or dilated surface vessels, does impede the mental processes, does delay the normal nervous response to an external stimulus (as in quick firing at a target that moves) and does render the victim of the delusion temporarily forgetful of his troubles."

"A mighty poor tonic," after all.  
"So far as any strengthening or blood building effect is concerned, a glass of milk will accomplish about four times as much as the same quantity of the best wine will accomplish—and do so possible harm."

### A DENVER BANKER ON PROHIBITION.

Albert A. Reed, vice president and trust officer of United States National bank, says:

"Without any reluctance and without qualification of any sort I am able to state that the effect of prohibition in Denver and Colorado have been beneficial from every point of view—moral, social, industrial and financial. This seems to be the almost universal opinion and judgment of the business and professional men of Colorado."

"There is no demand, and I dare say little desire, to return to a liquor policy. Personally, I am in favor of prohibition, local, state and national. I have never heard or seen a valid or sound argument in support of the traffic in intoxicating liquors."

### SALOON TAXES.

The brewers in Reading, Pa., are taking a stand for lower valuations on the various saloon properties scattered throughout the city. They claim the town council should consider, when fixing a tax valuation, the fact that possible prohibition will cause a depreciation in the value of these properties. Ordinarily saloon properties are valued at a higher figure than those adjoining because they bring a much higher price in the market.

On the other hand, a saloon, because of its usually undesirable character, depreciates the value of other properties in its neighborhood. Are they not entitled to a reduction because of depreciation caused by the presence of the saloon?

### IN CANADA.

"Prohibition is a signal success," declares the chief of police of Toronto, Canada. "In fact, I almost shudder to think what wartime conditions without it would have been." A curious development of prohibition days is an abnormal increase in the number of candy stores. It seems to be a physiological fact that candy is found to be a more or less satisfying substitute as a stimulant and a craving-quietener by a large number of people who formerly used alcohol.



**Your Labor Counts**—every ounce of work you do helps some soldier. This war was fought as truly in the household and in the workshop as it was in the trenches.

Some of our American women are borne down physically and mentally, by the weakness of their sex. They suffer from backache, dragging sensation, bearing-down pains, very nervous and pain in top of head. If they ask their neighbors they will be told to take a *Female Prescription* of Dr. Pierce's which has been so well and favorably known for the past half century.

Weak women should try it now. Don't wait! Today is the day to begin. This temperance tonic and nerve will bring vim, vigor and vitality. Send Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c. for trial pill, tablets.



Write, [name] I was bothered with my nervous and also my stomach trouble. My grand-mother recommended Dr. Pierce's Female Prescription to me. I took one bottle and have restored myself to my normal state. I am now a strong woman, and in that sense more of a credit to my sex. I will gladly recommend it.—Mrs. Mary G. Conkey.

**Badly Needed.**  
Mrs. Church—I understood the authorities have ordered the owners of these apartments to put up fire-escapes.

Mrs. Gotham—Good! Now I guess we'll have some place to put our flower boxes and our milk bottles.

**The Clause.**  
"I saw Jennie in a fit yesterday." "Good gracious. What caused it?" "Her effort to get into a skin-tight waist."

## Acid-Stomach Ruins Health of Millions

Besides those painful attacks of indigestion; that awful bloated, lumpy feeling after eating and downright stomach misery that you who have experienced it know so well; besides disgusting belching, food-repeating, sour stomach and distressing heartburn—besides all this, ACID-STOMACH undermines the health and saps the strength of millions.

If you don't get rid of those stomach miseries there is no telling where your stomach troubles will end, for it is a well known scientific fact that many serious ailments have their start in an acid-stomach.

Start now—this very day to get rid of your stomach miseries—take EATONIC—the wonderful remedy that absorbs the excess acid from the stomach and brings INSTANT relief. You simply have no idea how much better, stronger and brighter you feel at once. It drives out all the gas and bloated, puts an immediate stop to belching and heartburn, ends stomach suffering and makes it cool, sweet, comfortable and strong.

There can be no further excuse for you to allow acid-stomach to wreck your health—pile up misery upon misery until you get to the point where you feel down and out and that life has lost all its joys. Remember, just as acid-stomach ruins teeth, so acid-stomach ruins health.

Take EATONIC. It's good, just like a bit of candy and makes the stomach feel fine. You can then eat the things you like and, what is more, every mouthful you eat will count in creating power and energy. You'll feel so much better—have punch and pep—the power and will to do things and get results, and your stomach misery will be gone.

Take our advice. Get a big box of EATONIC from your druggist today. It costs so little. If it fails to remove your stomach distress, he will refund your money. That is guaranteed, you are to be satisfied or money refunded.

## EATONIC

FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

Magic Relief for Bad Stomachs

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
A famous preparation of south island oils and balsams for the hair. For Restoring Color and Beauty to the Hair. Sold by Druggists and Beauty Parlors. 25c. and 50c. per bottle.

## Every Woman Wants

## Paxtine

ANTISEPTIC POWDER

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Dissolved in water for douches stops public catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. The most perfect cleansing and antiseptic powder. Sold by Druggists and Beauty Parlors. 25c. and 50c. per bottle.

## Immediate Shipments

New South Corn Mill

Write us for full description and price of this standard durable corn mill—produces fine white meal. Quickest and most perfect. Write today. AMERICAN CORN MILL CO., No. 21, Wacker Drive, N. C.